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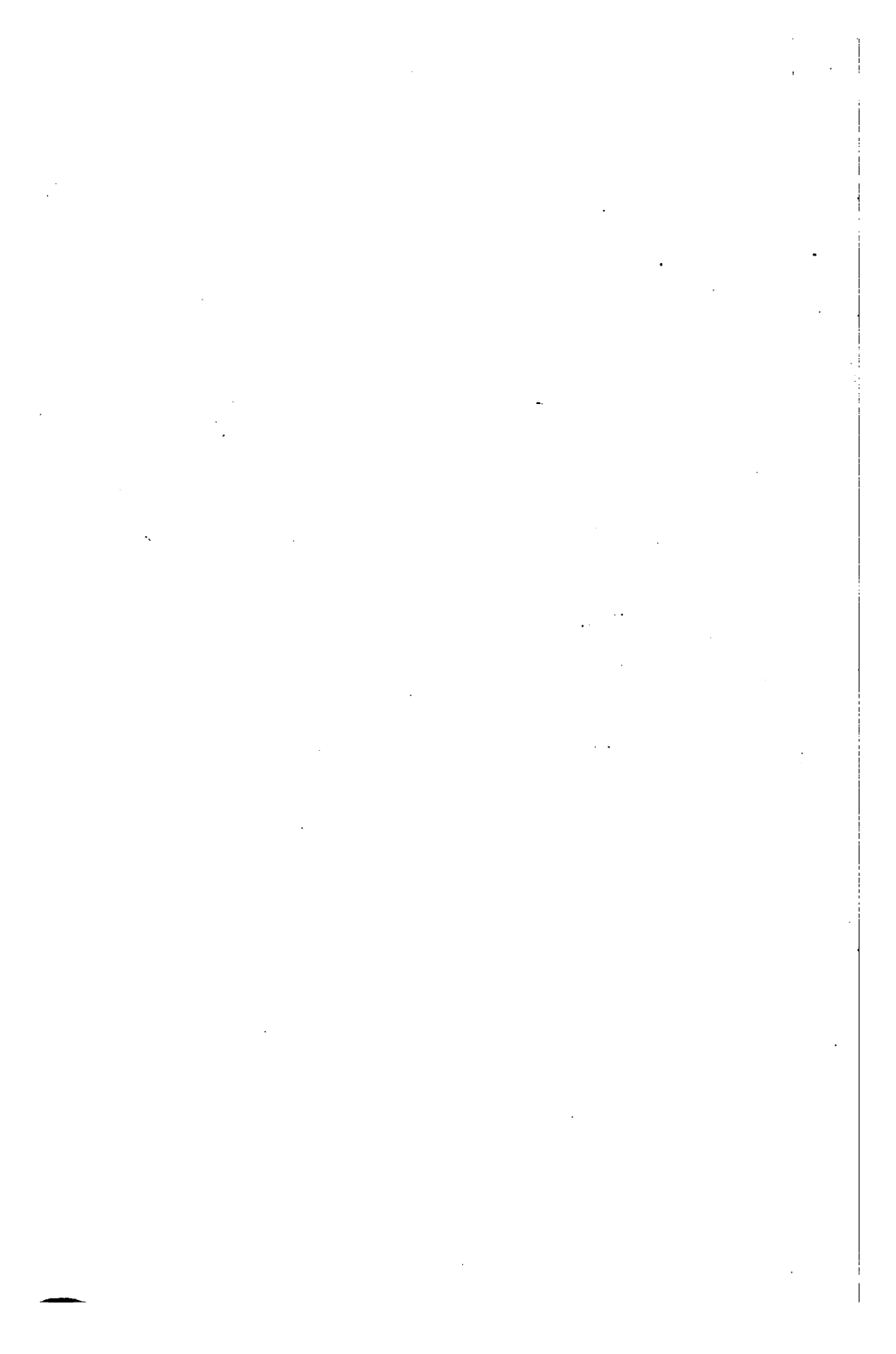
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NBI

Adams

To Henrietta

My faith is, Mary lives,
And living ever, gives
Her love to all:
Look up at Her a while;
O look! She waits your smile
Let no tear fall!

1911

A.A.

El

NB1
Adams

1

To Henrietta

My faith is, Many lives,
And living ever, gives
Her love to all:
Look up at Her a while;
O look! She waits your smile.
Let no tear fall!

1911

A.A.

NIB1

Adams

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1. *Chlorophyll *a** and *Chlorophyll *b** were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971).

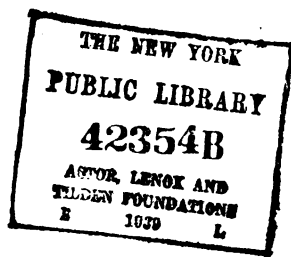
**WITH THE LOVE OF
MARY VALENTINE ADAMS
BORN OCTOBER XIII, MDCCCXCIX**

MARY

-
Adams

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HPU



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SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

THE songs here writ were never heard,
Save by the little Mary-bird;
And less than naught are they—one note
From one small glad bird-mother's throat.

No skill in minstrel-craft is here,
To make these songs sound sweetly clear;
Yet since a child loved what they are,
And, maybe, lists them now, afar,—

A moment, as a drop of dew,
They therefore ask to live for you,
All you on whom the heavens have smiled,
Who bold, or held, or hope a child.

1948

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

THE MESSENGER

THOU hadst to come thro' mother's ring,
 Little thing,
Thou camest unruffled of wing,
 Little thing;
What love and what joy thou didst bring,
 Little thing,
 Little thing, little Mary, sweet thing.

And what hath God bidden thee say,
 Little fay?
Did He come with thee most of the way,
 Little fay?
Did He tell thee how long thou couldst stay,
 Little fay?
 Little fay, little fairy, sweet fay.

His messenger truly thou art,
 Little heart,
To take away sorrow and smart,
 Little heart,
Oh, thine is the miracle-part,
 Little heart,
 Little heart, little Mary, sweet heart.

MARY

LOVE-SONG

THY mother loves thee, baby small,
Thy father loves us twain,
And God the Father loves three-all,
And we all love back again.

But others also love our Lord,
And kiss His garment's hem,
And if we love His living Word,
We give our love to them.

Wherefore all people love to say,
Wherever love be found,
"Oh, Love can always find the way;
Love makes the world go round."

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

THE MYSTERY

OH, how can you look so inscrutable-wise,
And where have you borrow'd such brightness of
eyes?

Is it duller without you these days in the skies,
Sweet babykin, baby, sweet babe?

Ah, why have we waited you all this long while?
Is it true you have travel'd for many a mile?
And what do you mean by your thousand-years'
smile,

Bright babykin, baby, bright babe?

Are you silent from knowing incredible things,
Are you sweetly aware what your presence here
brings?

And what are you hiding beneath your gold wings,
Dear babykin, baby, dear babe?

Have you found this round world is a fair enough
place,

Will you bless it some more with your beautiful
face?

We need you exceedingly, you and your grace,
Our babykin, baby, our babe!

MARY

JUST REST

JUST rest,
Must, — best, —
Here in thy nest,
O baby !
Fair bed,
Prayer said,
Little red-head,
Dear baby !

Close, wise,
Those eyes,
Daylight now dies,
Sweet baby !
Sleep, dear,
Deep, here ;
Mother is near
Her baby.

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

SLEEP, MARY, SLEEP

LOW in the hollow of her arm,
Let mother hold thee, safe from harm,
And thou shalt know no least alarm, —
Sleep, Mary, sleep.

Thy lightest breath shall reach mine ear,
Sweet babe, fear not with mother near,
And more than mother, God is here, —
Sleep, Mary, sleep.

MARY

BIRD-SONG

WHEN sparrows fall, our Father knows
And cares, so speaks the Word.
Me too He loves, no less than those,
For I'm His Mary-bird.

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

A SONG OF SLEEVES

HOP up, come, little thumb,
Fingers follow, never numb !
No good child will choose to grieve
For the sake of any sleeve.
Gently, hand, thro' the band,
High and dry on land.

Funny fist, one more twist,
Then the little fatty wrist.
Fingers, one, two, three, four, five,
None alike, but all alive,
Here we are, come from far,
Come to make or mar.

MARY

THE BABY'S HEY-DAY

THY father 's making i-mag-es
To sell to folk they chance to please,
So thou may'st lie, in blissful ease,
My Mary, Mary, on my knees.

Thy aunts all in the kitchen sing,
A-sterilizing spoon and string,
Lest baleful germ some evil bring
To Mary, Mary, my wee thing.

When thou art grown, tall, straight and strong,
Thou too shalt work to right the wrong!
Now play and rest to thee belong,
Our Mary, Mary, our heart's song.

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

THE LITTLE HAND

A VERY weary baby this,
Who sighs for Sandman and the sand,
Who waits for good-night care and kiss;
Let father hold the little hand.

Come, cuddle close to father's heart,
And tell what tasks the dear day planned,
And how these fingers had their part;
Let father hold the little hand.

O baby, baby, flower frail,
When thou art longer in the land,
An older child, thou shalt not fail
To let dear father hold thy hand;

And by and by, in good or ill,
If near thee father may not stand,
Forget not there 's a Father still
Who ever waits to hold thy hand.

MARY

A LITTLE CHILD'S TWO PUNISHMENTS

I 'M babe, and small,
And tho' they call
Me good, withal,
 (Please listen, oh, duly!)
Two punishments
Mar my contents
Of life's events;
 I 'll tell you all, truly!

One is at night,
When lamps are bright,
And I 'm by might
 Borne bodily bedwards;
And one's by day,
When I must stay
Near pa's "portray"
 Of Jonathan Edwards!

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

THE SUNNY PLACE IN THE GREEN ROOM

I LIKE the pink room, where I lie,
With mother always sitting nigh;
But more I love, when I am good,
To go to our enchanted wood.

Along a narrow lane we go,
The yellow hall, which, all men know,
Leads to a room of forest-green,
Where, once a day, are fairies seen.

Yes, each and every sunny noon,
And not an instant late or soon,
The elves arrive, most fleet of wing,
Trooping along like everything!

What rosy moments have they spent
With me, inside my rosy tent!
I call them all by all their names;
We play together curious games.

Some day, when I've a mind to speak,
I'll tell you of that hide-and-seek,—
More than a hundred magic kinds,
To suit all sorts of fairy minds.

MARY

And ah that grown folk may not see
The lovely things that hap to me !
They often pass, and say " How sweet,
The baby 's playing with her feet ! "

As if a child like me could play
With feet alone the livelong day !
Has not a little baby eyes
For all things falling from the skies ?

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

THE DOUBLE BED

WHEN I am weary of my tent,
On sweeping-days, I'm often sent
To rest my little back and head
By changing to the double bed.

Tho' from my tent, strange sights I spy, —
Brave knights and ladies riding by, —
Still, just to view the human race,
The double bed 's as good a place.

This morning, when my nurse was out, —
Oh, I was strangely put about, —
A Mouse slipped thro' the closet door,
And then skipped boldly 'cross the floor.

Ere I could ask if he would stay for
Just one small educator wafer,
I saw him climb the shelf, and take
My Mother's last large ginger-cake.

Then nurse came back and off he flew;
I call it sly of him, don't you?
But not a single word I said,
For I was in the double bed.

MARY

THE DAY-SHIRT

MY mother's white-winged needle flew
So oft and oft along this hem,
It dropped these feather-stitches true.
Do you not love to look at them?

In this my shirt, lo and behold,
The threads that up and down do go
Are made of silkworm's cloth-of-gold;
The criss-cross threads are wool, you know.

The little silkworm spun and spun,
The little lambkin grew apace;
Each finished what was well begun,
And did it with a cheerful face.

When I consider, in my pride,
How well they did these things for me,
I think, "Dear God, how hard they tried,
Or else, how gifted they must be!"

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

THE EVENING PRIMROSE

OH, I'll allow you yet,
To be a Violet,
 A Daisy, or a trim Rose ;
But baby, never be
As long as you love me,
 A naughty Evening Primrose.

For when the day is o'er
The Daisies spread no more
 Their pretty little white gowns ;
The Roses nod their heads,
And Pansies seek their beds,
 With modest talk of nightgowns.

But as the sun down drops
Up Evening Primrose pops
 And dons her robe de ballet ;
She twirls her yellow skirts,
And with a dewdrop flirts,
 To shock both hill and valley.

Next morn she stays abed, —
Dress draggled, aching head, —
 After her evening party ;
While all the proper flow'rs
Arise at proper hours,
 And look so well and hearty.

MARY

So be a Bouncing Bet,
Or a Blue Iris, set
 By brookside, — oh, the dim rows!
But, baby, be not as
One wild child Nature has,
 The foolish Evening Primrose.

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

THE DANCE

I LIKE it when my feet fly fast,
At night, or any time you set;
Each time seems lovelier than the last, —
My legs go twinkling higher yet.

Those rows and rows of pinky toes,
And do they still belong to me?
Some day I'll get them to my nose,
And count how many they may be.

My aunts and parents all sit by,
Looking as pleased, oh, pleased as Punch.
It strikes me strange they never try
To lift a toe of theirs to munch.

The spheres sing on, right in my ear,
But something always grown folk bars;
O peoples, peoples, can't you hear,
And lift your feet up toward the stars?

MARY

EARLY BED

I 'M early put to bed to-night,
And mother has not told me why;
And nurse early took the light,
And not a star is in my sky.

But firelight whisks away the gloom;
My little cricket sings and sings,
And listen, in the dining-room
They pass the caper sauce and things.

I call my nurse loud and clear;
She listens, but she will not speak;
I know she's there, for I can hear,
All in the dark, her corset creak!

She has not gone so far away
As she would like to have me think,
And in the near next room she'll stay;
She just uncorked her purple ink.

She's writing to her mother old,
Who lives beyond the Swedish sea,
And I'll not ask her now to hold
My hand a tiny while for me.

But, nurse, when the letter's done,
Please put my little love inside,
And tell her, will you, just for fun,
How good I was, and how I tried!

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

WINDOWS

LITTLE soul, close thy windows.

Soul, close
Thy windows, those
That look on the world by day;
Sleep sings,
"Come under my wings,
And far from thy windows away."

Little soul, close thy windows.

Let fall
White curtains all,
Let fringes of gold lie low.
Night leaves
Bright dreams she weaves,
For lovely to-morrow to know.

Little soul, close thy windows.

MARY

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES

WE know you, know you, baby dear,
Of course, we do not call it theft,
But still, 't is clear, in coming here,
You simply took things, right and left !

The baby listens and looks ;
She's putting it down in her books.

That ruddy crown you hold so high, —
Did angels lend a hand for fun ?
When you came sailing thro' the sky,
You plucked it off the setting sun !

The baby tosses her head ;
She's perfectly pleased that it's red.

For eyes, you helped yourself to blue
From mountains all along your way ;
For cheeks of apple-blossom hue,
You robbed an orchard in its May.

The baby's dimples are out,
Running and hiding about.

And to encarnadine your mouth, —
That means to make more pink, you know, —
You flew a little farther south,
And kissed the roses where they blow.

SONGS OF A MARY-BIRD

The baby purses her lips ;
She 's thinking of honey-sweet sips.

Your nose, a tiny nose of elf,
Your nose alone we do not trace ;
No doubt you found it for yourself,
In some far-off but simple place.

The baby looks at her nose ;
She certainly thinks it 's a r  se.

For fingers five, did you not take
White petals from a lily's breast ?
And that small cry you sometimes make,
You learned it listening at a nest.

A finger goes to an eye ;
Now maybe the baby will cry.

O do not weep, dear baby small,
The things you have are yours of right ;
We know you only took them all,
Because your Father said you might.

The baby dries off her eyes,
She smiles, and looks centuries wise !

MARY

CORNISH FRIENDS

DOST thou remember, baby dear,
The Cornish children, those
Who smiled upon thee, sweet, last year,
In time of bird and rose?

Dost think of Sylvia, golden-fine,
Pink Bill, and Curly-Pate, —
Of Leonard, Allyn, Caroline, —
A trio at each gate?

The Fuller bairnies, fair and dark,
And Ellen, flower wild,
Dear Edwin, Oliver, and Marq,
And Carvel's marvel child?

The pretty bird-of-Paradise,
Wee one who lately came
To light the world with brave brown eyes,
As fair of look as name?

Yea, all of these thou dost recall,
And all they gave to me ;
Sweet looks of love on me did fall,
But these were meant for thee.

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

*MY little child loves children all,
And often runs away
To seek them 'mid the grasses tall,
In places where they play.*

*Will you not let her play with them,
For but a little while ?
Will you not let her stay with them,
And smile her little smile ?*

*She will not take away their toys,
Nor utter evil word ;
May she not whisper them of joys
All hitherto unheard ?*

*Oh, if she come and cling to them,
As to the ones above,
Will you not let her sing to them
Her messages of love ?*

*And will you spare the one caress
She fain would take of each ?
And will you for her own sake bless
Her, as for sake of each ?*

*She will not mar their joyous rounds,
Nor mock their solemn prayer ;
Hark, how far-off her footfall sounds,
At twilight, on your stair !*

TO ELLEN

*To Ellen, only Shipman-child,
My Cricket-Song I send;
O sing it sometimes for my sake,
My earliest little friend!
Yes, tell it to your cricket, when
He chirps in bricky bowers,
And teach your pretty four-o' clocks
To sing it after hours.
And when I think of you at night,
Tucked safe within your bed,
O think of me, the Mary-bird,
Safe, too, and overhead.*

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

ONLINESS

A CRICKET SONG

O ONLY cricket by our fire,
I love to hear you sing,
For I'm the only child we have,
The only littly thing.

Once, when I woke me up at night,
And outcried, loud and deep,
You were the only one who heard,
And sang me off to sleep.

And once, when you were chirping there,
With all the world abed,
I was the only one awake,
Enjoying what you said.

'T was thus we found each other out,
Nor loved each other less,
Because we both knew what it was
To have an *onliness*.

Were you, dear cricket, always so, —
An only child like me, —
Or had you little brothers once,
Now grown, and gone to sea?

TO REINE

*THIS little Queen-song goes to you
The only Queen I ever knew.
O sing it often, lying down
Of afternoons, to rest your crown.*

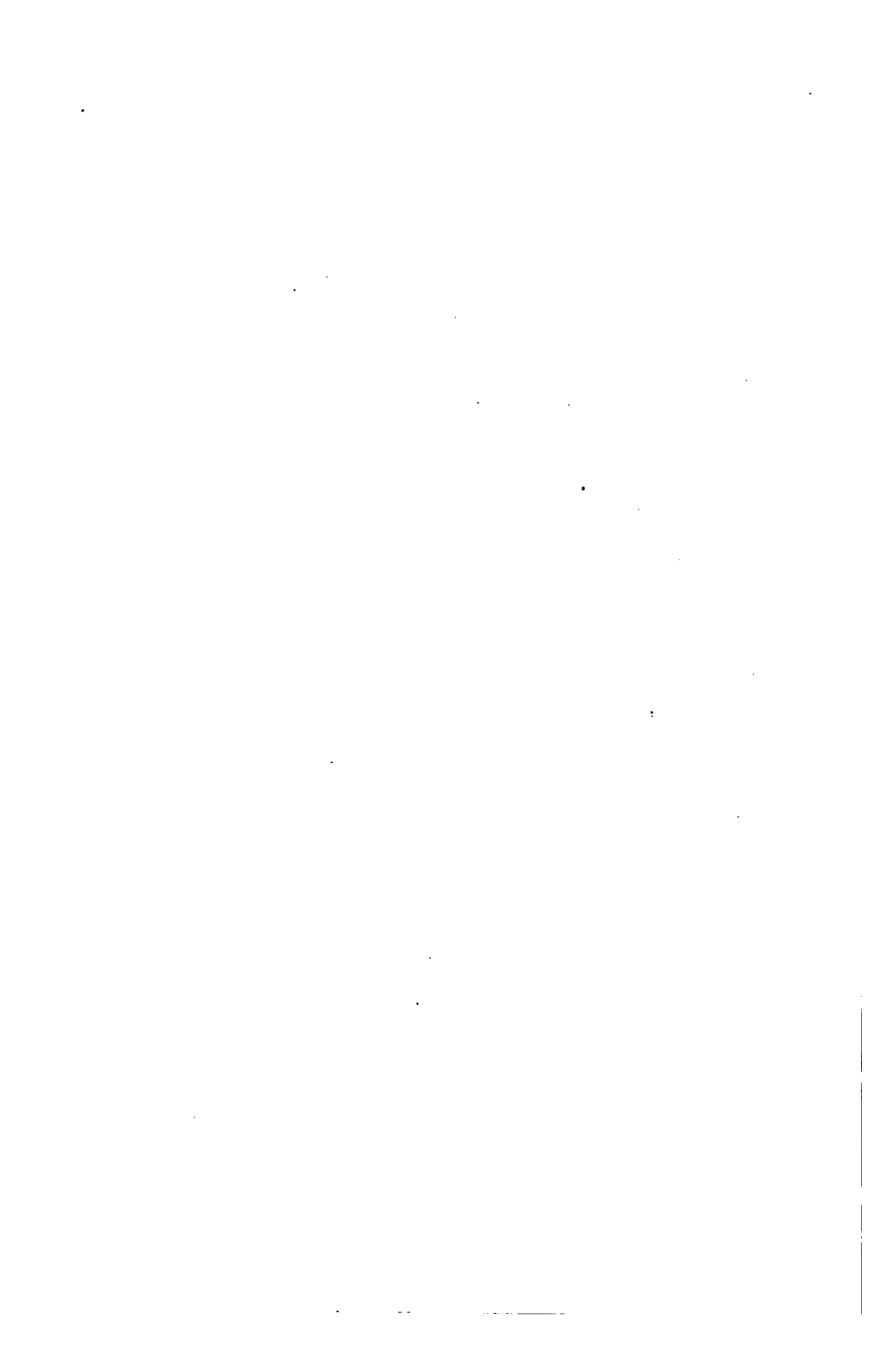
SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

A QUEEN-SONG

A LITTLE song my mother sings me,
She sings it oft and oft again,
Of a bouquet a king's son brings me,
"Et s'il fleurit, je serai Reine!"

I cannot tell you just at present,
I wonder what the words may mean,
The sound of them seems ever pleasant, —
"And if it bloom, I shall be Queen!"

So if, some morn (there is no knowing)
I find a crown beside my bed,
As soon as I have done my growing,
May I not try it on my head?



TO JIMI AND LILI

*ACROSS the seas, gay as you please,
My Singing Shoes shall roam,
To Hâvre fair, and then from there
By wing to Lili's home;
But better choose, O Singing Shoes,
Your last and only chance
To make the run by taking one
Of Jimi's elephants!*

*The winds may veer, but not a fear
My Singing Shoes shall know;
From shore to shore they've "crossed before,"
Nor had to go below.
So trim your bows, turn out your toes,
My Singing Shoes, in rhyme.
Greet Lili, Jack, — they're glad you're back,
And don't forget the time.*

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

THE SINGING SHOES

AT Giverny par Vernon, where
The smallest child may have "plein air,"
Because there's always plenty there,
Sweet Madame Monet sat at ease,
With Jacques and Alice near her knees,
And made for me such shoes as these.

Her fast French clock told tic-toc-tic,
What time her needles went click-click,
That I full joyously might kick!
For well wise Madame Monet knew
There's nothing babies love to do,
Like kicking off shoe after shoe.

Some of my shoes are blue, some rose,
And some have wings, some only bows,
But all have fastest, Frenchest toes,
Tip-tilted up to reach my nose!
And one and all, by great good chance,
(Could you not tell it at a glance?)
Know how to sing the songs of France,
And sing them, sing them, while I dance!

And when we told the Doctor, he
Declared at first it must not be;
He feared the heels were French, you see!

MARY

But when he saw that they were *knit*,
He changed his mind, and praised the fit,
And let them sing for him a bit.

They sing me of the château grey,
Of poplars, and the winding way,
Of stilly waters, stacks of hay,
Of children, all at French, French play!
And hearing them, I want to grow,
Put on my shoes, and seaward go,
Till I find Madame, there below,
And tell her why I love her so!

Meantime, là-bas, par Vernon, still
May Madame Monet have her will,
And bless the babies, well and ill.
May other shoes for other feet
Make other children's lives more sweet,
And make their kickings-off complete!

TO LEONARD, ALLYN, AND CAROLINE

S*ING a song for little Coxes,
All about the little foxes !*

*Leonard, Allyn, Caroline,
Next-door-neighbor-children three
Am I not your Valentine,
Will you have a song from me ?*

*Sing a song for little Coxes,
All about the little foxes !*

*Song that's like a Noab's Ark,
Full of animals and things,
Well enough for after dark
When the bat does pigeon-wings.*

*Sing a song for little Coxes,
All about the little foxes !*

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

THE ANIMAL SONG

THE yellow dog's chasing the boldest of bats,
And beside the dark horse sleeps our oldest of cats;
The stars cannot watch ev'ry tendril that twines,
So beware of small foxes that eat of the vines!

Oh, I'm fond of the dog, and (somewhat) of the bats,
And I like the dark horse and our oldest of cats;
And I love the dear stars, and the tendril that
twines

But beware of the foxes that eat up the vines!

The cow cannot listen, — she's chewing her cud,
And the ox is too great to hear foxes scud, scud;
The moon in a cloud all her pretty face drapes,
So beware of small foxes that eat of the grapes!

Oh, I'm fond of the cow, tho' she's chewing her cud,
And I like the great ox, with his rather dull thud;
And I love the dear moon, tho' her figure she
drapes,

But beware of the foxes that eat up the grapes!

TO MARQ AND OLIVER

*BELOVED Oliver and Marq,
Ob, take my Pillow-Song,
And sing it somewhere after dark,
Then run to bed along.*

*You sang me of the forest, dears,
And of the skies so gray,
But this is just a song that cheers
You, bedward on your way.*

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

THE PILLOW-SONG

OH, was n't it good of the goose,
Who flew with her foot in a noose,
To lay down her down, without frown or renown,
And to fill oh, my pillow with juice?
With her billowy, pillowy juice!

The farmer sold father the down,
And mother went early to town,
And yielded a shilling, so willing, for filling
This pillow to cuddle my crown;
What feathers flew over her gown!

My cousin, she cat-stitched the case,
She certainly did it with grace;
But *that* stitching, cat-stitching, blind-stitching,
bat-stitching,
Ought to be put in its place,
And cat-stitching scratches the face!

My mother and father are kind,
My cousin I keep in my mind,
But the goose is the one with whom fun was begun,
And to her all my heart is inclined;
She seems to me very refined.

MARY

So was n't it good of the goose,
The one that the farmer let loose,
To gather together, whatever the weather,
So many a feather for use?
Yes, was n't it good of the goose?

TO SYLVIA AND HER BROTHERS

*To little Sylvia and Bill,
And Codger Curly-pate,
Because, of course, I love you still,
Yes, always, early, late, —*

*To Roger, William, and to her
Whom most I 'd like to please,
I send with love My Mariner,
But not my stormy seas.*

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

MY MARINER

WHEN little pains grow great indeed,
And when I 'm really ill,
My mother comforts every need,
And keeps the house so still !

The Doctor comes without ado,
And has his words to say ;
He takes my temperature, too,
All in a tube away.

And I feel very stout at heart,
Since what I eat and drink
Is written down upon a chart,
With nurse's purple ink.

And when the Doctor makes a stir
And cons the chart with ease,
I think he is a Mariner,
Who sails the stormy seas !

The cordage creaks, the breezes blow
Around my little bed ;
I like it so because I know
Our skipper keeps his head !

TO EDWIN

*THIS little Image-Maker song
My mother made for me,
To little Edwin shall belong,
An Image-Maker be ;—*

*Child of the folk who search the skies
And follow far the star,
And daily give their hands and eyes
To see things as they are.*

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

THE IMAGE-MAKER'S CHILD

YOU might have been a king's child, dear,
Of royal flesh and blood and bone,
And cracked your crown when toddling near
The gilded thing we call a throne.
You might have been a banker's heir,
But you were wise and unbeguiled,
You chose, from many splendors rare,
To be an Image-Maker's child.

The Image-Maker in the land
Is still the merriest of men,
And statues builds with dirty hand,
In his delightful dirty den;
He makes you presidents or kings,
According as the fates have smiled,
Or even animals and things; —
How blest the Image-Maker's child !

For mostly, children are inured
To stiff clean frock and pinafore,
With all the miseries endured
From never wallowing on the floor;
While you, besmeared from end to end,
Enthroned among your mud-pies piled,
Shall sit, and make, and mar, and mend,
O joyous Image-Maker's child !

TO CLARA AND CHARLIE

*THIS is the Clara-girl song,
That tells of the Charlie-boy true ;
Carry it kindly along,
And think of the little one, too.*

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

A SONG OF CLAY

THE children came to the sculptor's den,
When the sculptor was out in the world with men;
They tiptoed in thro' the half-shut door,
Clara and Charlie and one child more.

They looked at the images on the stands,
Then took some clay in their little hands,
And started in for the best of fun,
Clara and he and the other one.

Clara was eldest, and easily able
To make of her clay an elegant table;
And having a table, she made a chair,
Same number of legs, and same grand air.

She pinched more clay, and patted it up,
Till it turned to a wonderful beagle-pup;
It must have been Clara's lucky day, —
Perhaps she has talent, anyway!

Charlie began with a monkey small,
But he could n't manage the tail at all;
It would n't stick on, so he changed his plan,
And made, the finest of all, a man,

MARY

With a sword, and a gun, and a soldier-frown,
And plenty of buttons up and down ;
While the little one did what the others would do,
And Charlie and Clara were kind to her, too.

Then they placed their works high up on a shelf, —
The sculptor might think that he did them himself, —
Clara's table, and Charlie's man,
And the things that the little one began.

While out at the front, to guard all round,
They set the wonderful beagle-hound ;
They tiptoed away from the den, and " Hark !"
Said Clara. " What if the hound should bark !"

TO BABY FRANCES

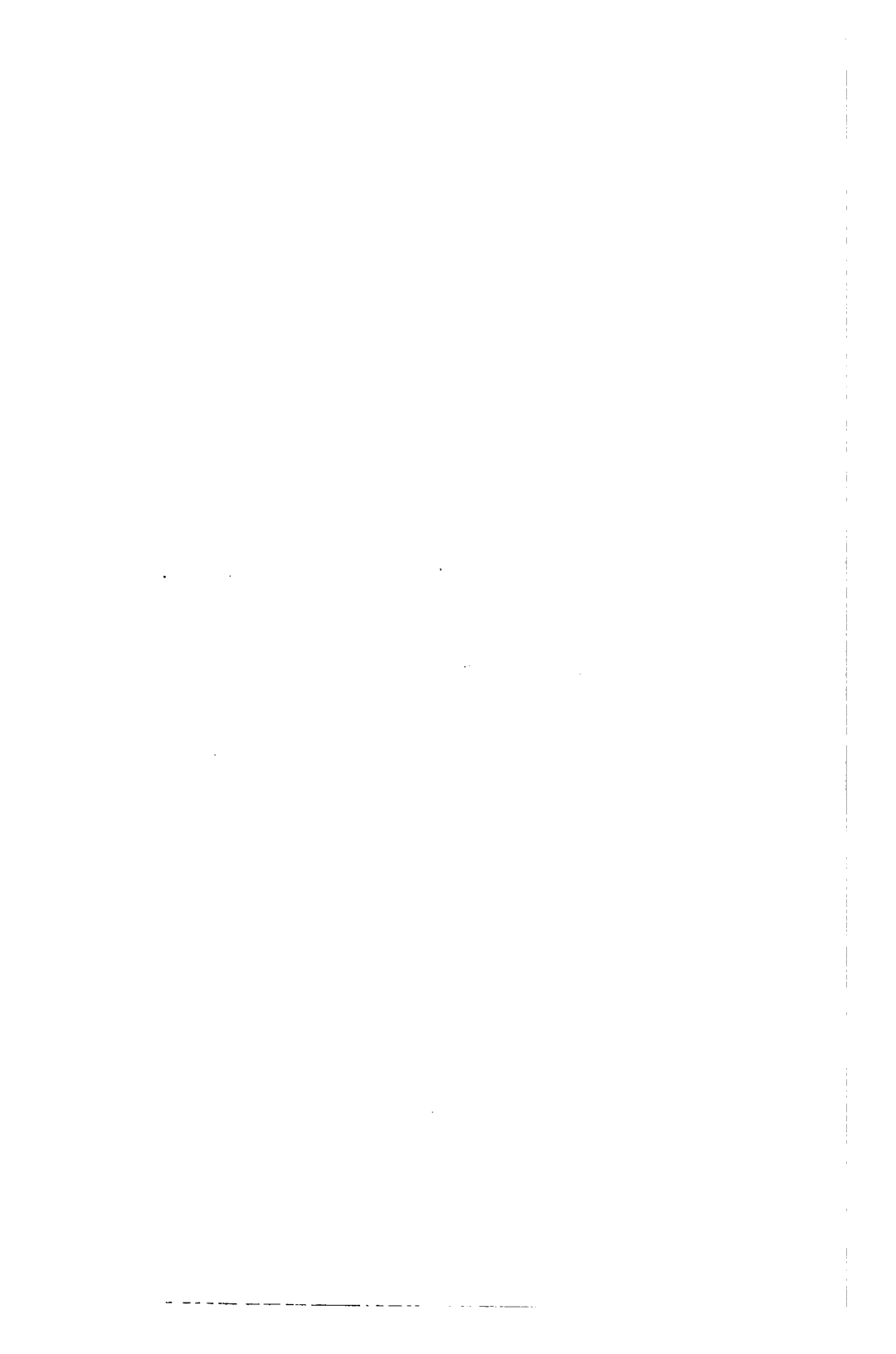
*I NEVER saw you, little thing,
Because I went afar,
But every day the angels sing
Of you, — how dear you are;
So when from me a song you take,
If only just for fun,
I'm not content unless I make
An Honor-able One.*

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

AN HONORABLE ONE

THE Book says, even children small
Are known by what they do,
Whether their work be right in all,
And whether it be true.

So tho' I am a baby wee,
And play from sun to sun,
I'm not too small at all to be
An honor-able one !



TO TIP'S TWO CHILDREN

*COME, Tip's two children, tip-toe up
And hold me out your story-cup,
And in I'll pour a story true
Of what a Wonder-Coat may do.*

*Then by and by, when you are grown,
And have two children of your own,
Oh, buy them dolls and swings and boats,
But don't forget their Wonder-Coats.*

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

THE WONDER-COAT

MY loins are girded round about,
My good two shoes are right side out,
My bonnet brave is on my ear,
And now my wonder-coat draws near.

It must be hard for those who pine,
But have no wonder-coat like mine,
Well made of brightest blue silk sky,
Fleece-lined with dream-stuff, by the bye.

Oh, many marvels shall I con,
When once my wonder-coat I don;
I feel myself all coming true,
I'm going on the Avenue!

Soon shall I hear my nursey say,
"So please you, cabman, don't get gay!
O drive us gently, cabman bold,
This baby is n't very old."

The wheels whirl on, great rounds on rounds, —
Do I hear sights, or just see sounds?
And wider still my eyes I prop,
But down, low down my lids will drop.

MARY

Then long, long afterwards, I find
I'm home again in pleasant mind;
And dreamfully enough, I note
They're pulling off my wonder-coat!

TO MABEL

O MABEL, Mabel, fairy-child
In Richard Carvel's hall,
What song have I, the Mary-child,
For you, with store of all?

O Mabel, Mabel, curly-bair,
Come, cuddle down to rest,
And say for me the Nightgown Prayer,—
It's yours, I loved it best.

SONGS FOR OTHER CHILDREN

THE NIGHTGOWN PRAYER

I LOVE my woolly nightgown white,
That comforts me the livelong night;
It wraps me warm from toe to chin,
Nor cold nor wind can enter in.

The little lamb gave up his fleece
To help me have this coat of peace;
Lord, let me give some thing of mine,
To help some other child of Thine!

SONGS OF THE CHILD UNSEEN

O^F old, unheeding the disciples grim,
Came mothers to the Master by the sea, —
Mothers who “brought young children unto Him,”
Believing He would bless them at His knee.

To-night, upon His call, I too arise,
And bring my young child unto Him : no less,
Altho’ He now withholdeth her from mine eyes,
I too believe it is that He may bless.

SONGS OF THE CHILD UNSEEN

THE CHILD AND THE WORLD

"Do you know, little child, of the world?
Of my love, little child, and the world?"

THE Mary-child, playing, looked over the gate;
"Dear God, may I go ere the morning grows late?
With my little hands clean and my little heart
warm,

I've no fear, I've no fear of the cold or the storm,
And with all my wing-feathers so prettily curled,
Oh, I'd like to go down just to look at the world!"

"Then go down, little child, to the world,
With my love, little child, to the world."

So the Mary-child came to the children of men,
Yet after a season went homeward again.

"Oh, I've kept my heart warm and my little hands
clean,

And wherever I flitted, no storm have I seen;
Not one of my feathers came ever uncurled,
For I stayed but enough to leave love to the world."

"All is well, little child, in the world,
With my love, little child, in the world."

MARY

OH, WHITHER AWAY

OH, whither away by the dawn's early grace,
With your look of uplift and your morning-star
face?

Almost you affright me, so bright as you are,
Yet fain would I follow you, follow you far!

I have touched the chill marble, but colder than
this

Are your flower-like hands and your lips that I
kiss;

And no one smiles ever that wonderful smile,
Save in holding the fingers of God for a while.

I have known the deep silence of waters by night,
But deeper the peace on your baby-brow white;
And knowledge you give, consolation and calm,
With the law of the world hidden there in your
palm!

Almost have I caught it, the secret that slips,
Unlocked by the key of my kiss on your lips;
Almost have you taught me what most I would
know,

So baby-girl, baby-girl, love me and go, —

SONGS OF THE CHILD UNSEEN

Wherever away by the dawn's early grace,
With your look of uplift and your morning-star
face, —
A moment I hold you, most mine of all things,
And afar shall I follow the shine of your wings.

MARY

THE SINGING SHOES AGAIN

*"Des souliers gris
Pour aller au Paradis."*

THOSE singing shoes, from over seas,
Came bringing songs in many keys
Of love and life, heart-break, heart's-ease.
Light notes of dancing all along
Avignon bridge, — you know that song? —
And Frère Jac-ques, his ding-dong?

They sang of greatest, smallest things, —
Of peasant-children, sons of kings,
Of sunshine, moonshine, shine of rings;
Of peace and war, and captains three,
Of toilers both on land and sea,
Of all the heart of man may be.

They sang brave rounds the plain folk know,
Of ships a-sailing, vines a-row,
And oft, "Avec-que mes sabots."

SONGS OF THE CHILD UNSEEN

One strain there was we could not choose
But love, a song of fair grey shoes,
Which only Heaven-bound ones may use.

* * * *

If you will hold them in your hand,
These singing shoes from that far land
Shall sing you songs at your command.
They lure you with melodious lore,
Still choosing first from all their store,
"We go into the woods no more."

And if you list, there shall be heard
A voice as of a lonely bird,
That sighs heart-secrets note for word.
"In blue and rose we guised us gay,
Yet we were shoes of fairest grey,
For passing Heavenward on our way."

MARY

THE ROSY BED

THE baby lies in her pink bed,
And smiles with all good cheer,
And when she nods her ruddy head,
We love her, love her dear !

Her bed is all of roses made, —
She greets each bud at morn ;
Forever be the day delayed
When she shall know the thorn.

So sang the father in his heart,
The mother, word for word.
Shall they sit sorrowing apart,
Because their prayer was heard ?

SONGS OF THE CHILD UNSEEN

SKY

THO' my dear heart no more I see,
Not all alone I wander by;
For Hope and Heartbreak walk with me,
Twin children they of Love's good-bye.

When dim-eyed Heartbreak weeps the loss
Of some fair nest the winds let fall,
Hope shows me boughs that make the cross
Against blue sky, high over all.

MARY

THE STAR

THE Father chose a star for me,
And made it like a little flower,
And laid it on my breast to be
My life's whole fragrance from that hour.

I wore it on my heart until
It blossomed bright beyond my ken,
And changing, changing starward still,
It passed into the skies again.

Yet no mean happiness is mine,
Who have a star to call mine own,
And tho' afar my star must shine,
I am not in the dark, alone.

And by my Father's wish most dear,
For sake of people passing by,
My flower's fragrance lingers here
The while my star is in the sky.

SONGS OF THE CHILD UNSEEN

THE CHILD INVISIBLE

THE child invisible awakes
At peep of day begun,
And morning kisses gives and takes,
Like any other one,

And all day long goes carolling,
Wherever I may turn.
How close the unseen child may cling,
It's heart's-ease when you learn.

Unworthy thoughts that sear and scar,
Dark words that lightly slip,
The child invisible can bar,
With smallest finger-tip.

If I have harbored evil, then
At anguished eve, I mark,
The child comes not to me again,
But sobs in loneliest dark.

When Heav'n paints pictures for my eye
In earth's great story-boo
The child invisible is nigh,
And ever loves to look.

MARY

The little unseen child is part
Of all I understand ;
And what I hold within my heart
Shall lead me by the hand.

SONGS OF THE CHILD UNSEEN

THE MARY-BIRD'S MUSIC

THE Mary-bird loved them, our songs,
When we sang them at evening alone;
To her all the music belongs,
For she made little songs of her own.

Her songs had no need of the word,
To stand in your doorway and knock;
Their magical music was heard
Laughing low thro' the mightiest lock.

And wherever the Mary-bird flew,
Or hither or thither, her wings
Thrilled many a heart to be true
To its sweetest vibration of strings.

No more is the Mary-bird seen,
Low-flying through low-lying lands,
And changing of seasons has been
Since we held this bright bird in our hands.

Yet often, when earth's at its best,
And its murmurs all harmonies are,
There surges a note with the rest,
More thrillingly beautiful far,—

MARY

Then we look and we listen, and lo,
In the faces of women and men,
Is also the look, and we know
That the Mary-bird 's singing again !

SONGS OF THE CHILD UNSEEN

THE BIRTHDAY

I USED to hear a rustling, dear
Aunt Rose, beside the door, —
The rustling of your true blue gown
Along the shining floor.

And now you hear a rustling, dear
Aunt Rose, beside your chair, —
The rustling of my white, white wings
Enfolding you in prayer.

But do not fear the rustling, dear
Aunt Rose, I cannot stay;
I came to bring you just one kiss,
I'm just one year to-day.

And next, next year, the rustling, dear
Aunt Rose, shall still come true,
For when the other birds shall fly,
Your Mary-bird flies, too.

MARY

THE PROMISE

O MOTHER, I shall come and comfort thee,
And thou wilt surely know me when I pass;
Full joyous thou wilt walk again with me,
Along the grass.

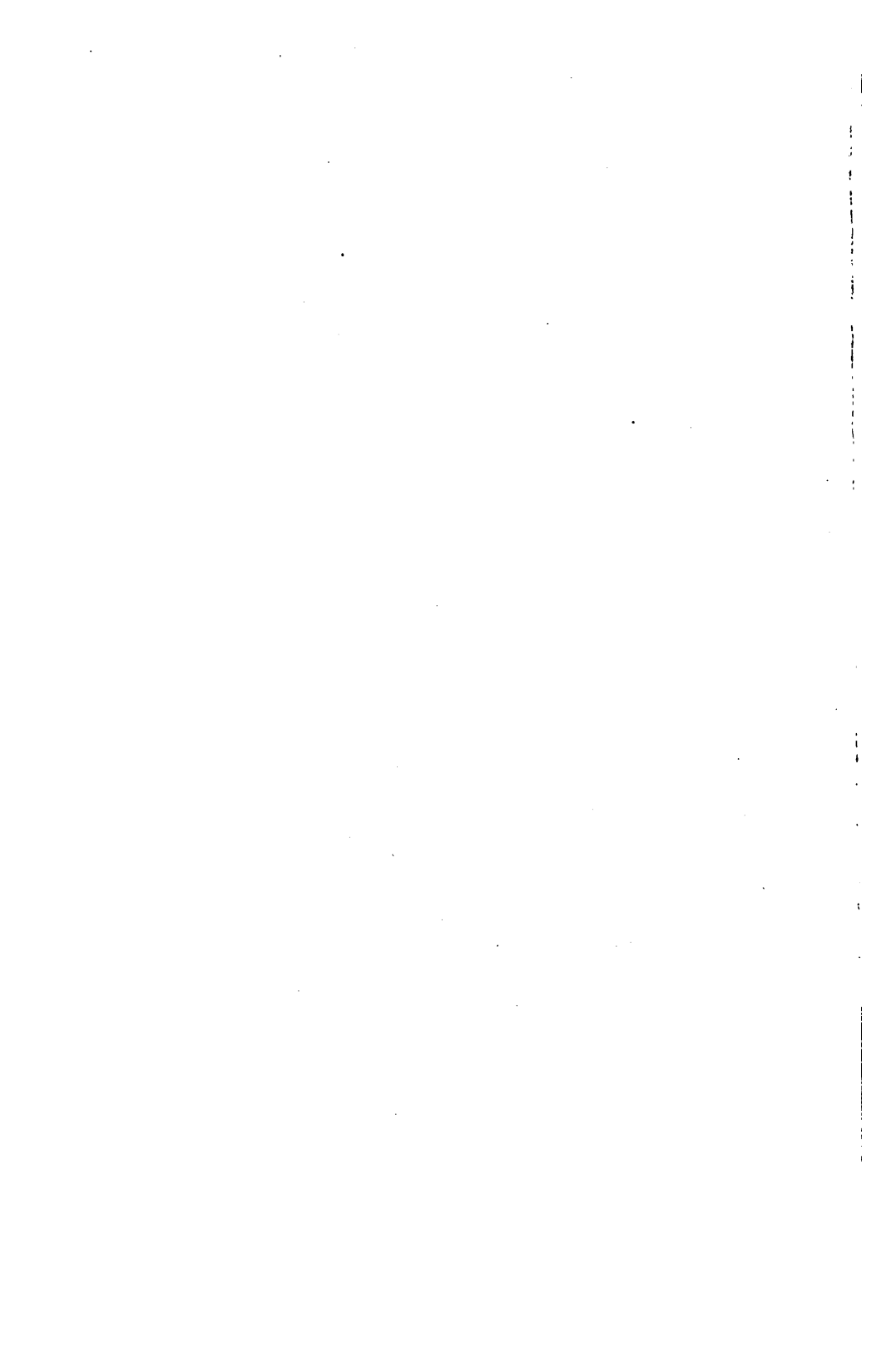
And mother, when dear others also take
Their walks with us, they will not see my face,
But they will be aware of me, and make
For me a place.

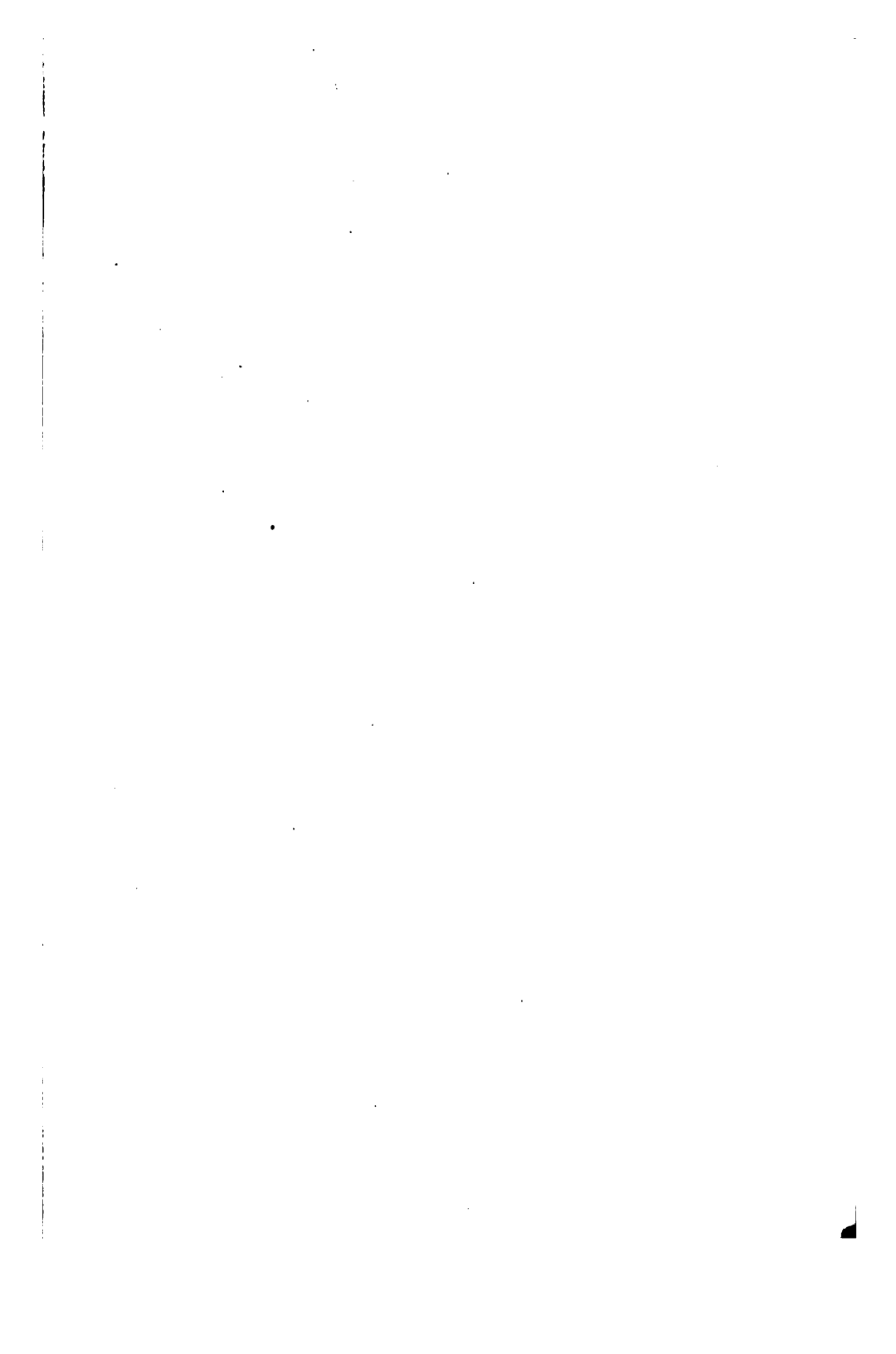
When other mothers' little children meet,
O mother, mother, look and list for thine;
For when the lovely laughter soundeth sweet,
Perhaps 't is mine.

Thou 'lt hear me when the bluebird's note is near,
Thou 'lt see me when the cloud is opal-fair,
Thou 'lt find me in the rose-heart, deep and dear,
Yea, I am there.

And when thou farest fairest cities by,
With men and women hurrying up and down,
O mother, mother, wait, — 't is little I
Who pluck thy gown.

And not alone, dear mother, wilt thou go
By brook, or garden-path, or mountain side;
My hand is warm within thine own, for oh,
I have not died.





MAR 29 1940

